

Dydd Gwener 25 Hydref
To edit, refine and redraft.

Nervously and silently the four children crept towards the door, printed with the number thirteen on it. When they reached the door, Andrew shone the light so they could see, unexpectedly a teacher walk up the stairs, in black and white spotted pajamas. And pointed at them, and to their rooms. Suddenly the number thirteen disappeared in the blink of an eye. Miley was a nice little girl, she has short blond hair and always wears a headband, she wears glasses with bold flowers on the side. Then there's Andrew afraid of everything, he's got black curly hair, red rosey cheeks, eyes as blue as the ocean and a pale white face that glimmers. Lowri has got red hair, with silk highlights hidden between the bouncy curls. Harry has got smart silk hair ~~not~~ with a lot of air gel, slightly tanned skin and golden brown eyes. They went back up to the room after the teacher had gone.

In an instant Miley turned to Lowri and demanded "come on hurry up before we get caught again!" Lowri muttered "I can't in to scared" "what did you say your scared what nonsense!" Replied Miley bossily. But she had to listen to the brave warrior Miley, she silently crept across the landing, while the floor boards creaked, and the doors whined ~~not~~ with noise. Suddenly they heard a noise a kind of whimpering noise, coming from the room with the number thirteen on it. But the determined warriors plan was in place. The group of warriors ~~the~~ knew what they had to do, and if they didn't, they would have to deal with the bravest of them all Miley! The problem was in their hands now!

will they succeed.

Hearts pounding as fast as a race car ~~seat~~ speeding around the enormous track, the four frightened children entered the room in fear. Firstly they peaked then took a big step. It took a brief second or two, for their eyes to adjust to the cave of hell surrounded with dark patches and the smell of fear surrounded their nostrils. The demons coffin lay in front of them as high as an old oak tree. The blood sucking demon lay inside. His pale crystal skin reflected their fear while they peared over him. Andrews flashlight shimmered across the room like a disco ball spinning around. It was big, but smaller than they thought. But seemed to put the fear at the top of their minds.

Suddenly Harry raised the stake and pointed it towards the vampire's cold blooded heart. The beast rose from it's resting place, Andrew shon the bright torch over his shimmering face. It's eyes grew open, while blood trickled from his blood shot eyes, while making a loud whinnying sound. Lowri held the cross up in terror. They jumped upon him and pushed him back into the vampires resting place. All was silent until suddenly a screeching noise appeared. The group praped their tools of death and, Harry pierced the beasts heart, while Lowri held the cross above his body, Andrew shon the bright torch! Everything was quiet. startled. such relief. He is dead!